"BY JUPITER!!"

A SATIRICAL OPERATIC BURLESQUE,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

WALDORF H. PHILLIPS.

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CHARACTERS;

(Mainly without Character.)

Jupiter, Who although he's *resigned* is *not resigned*—

Patrick Casabiankay, Imported free of Duty.

Josh Crew, Confidential Adviser and Importer of the Casabiankay.

Bacchus, Fortunate possessor of a colored under-garment, and like it, on both sides of the fence.

Neptune, who, unlike Bacchus, believes in water.

Mercury, who naturally has ups and downs, hot and cold by turns.

Apollo.

* *The Weeper*, who has seen all the "Comic" Opera's. He has his Exits and his Entrances, and but little else.

The Book, Keeper of the Royal Dungeon and of everything else he can get his hands on.

Pages 1, Assistants to the Book, *bound* to *cover* his *marks 12*
" *2*, *mo.* in every year.
" *3*,
" *4*,

Mars, a soldier with no fight.

Juno, A model of a wife, after all.

La Foreignaire, Even a lawyer couldn't break *her* Will.

Hebe, One of the disappointed.

Eucharis, another of the same kind.

Diana, one of the *outs* anxious to get *in*, but who cant get *in*, until some one gets *out*.

Vesta, Who wont in-*Vest a* cent in new parties any more.

Patocrats, (*adherents of the new regime.*) *Jupitereans*, (*adherents of the old regime,*) *Gods*, *Goddesses*, *Attendants on Juno*, *Sea Nymphs*, *Etc.*, *Etc.*

Brass Band.

In Act III some one in the Gallery.

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* *Note Unless otherwise stated in the Text the Weeper enters, makes his remarks, and exits rapidly, each time. The use of a trap is preferable.*

Local and Political Hits of a temporary character can be added *ad lib.* if desired, as suits the occasion and place and time of performance.

COSTUMES.

Jupiter, Mythological.

Casabiankay, Irish Emigrant Costume. Fiery Red Wig. In Act Second wears also an old Plug Hat.

Crew, Regulation Yankee Costume.

Bacchus, Regulation Mythological. Must wear a Red Shirt.

Neptune, Costume of an old Salt.

Mercury, Telegraph Boy's Costume.

Apollo, Regulation Mythological.

The Weeper, Very close fitting Black Suit covered from top to bottom with Pocket Handkerchiefs.

The Book, Captain of Police Costume.

Pages, Police Uniforms.

Mars, Full Military Commander's Costume.

Juno, Regulation Mythological, but very handsome.

La Foreignaire, French Peasant woman's dress, short and showing Bust.

Hebe, Regulation Mythological. Tights.

Eucharis, Same as Hebe; different color.

Diana, Mythological Huntress.

Vesta, Mythological.

Gods, Goddesses, Juno's Attendants, and Sea Nymphs in varied regulation Mythological Costumes, Armor, etc.

Patocrats, White and Green Costumes.

Jupitereans, Red and Black Costumes.

TIME—*The Present Decade.*

ACT I—*On the Earth.*

ACTS II AND III—*In the Heavens.*

The audience are kindly requested to allow some years to elapse between Act II and Act III. They are also respectfully requested to remain seated during the Finale of Act III till the Curtain falls.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

Overture, Comprising parts of "One Party's In," "Spring with Ease," "Faded Flowers," "Nothing to Wear," and "Grand March."

ACT I.

1. "*The Curtain Now Has Risen*," Opening Chorus of Sea Nymphs.

2. *Solo: "I'm Neptune Brave,"* Neptune. Chorus.
3. *Solo and Chorus: "I am a Telegraphic Boy,"* Mercury and Sea Nymphs.
4. *Concerted Piece,* "The Keeper of a Dungeon Cell."—Book and Pages.
5. *Incidental Storm Music.*
6. *Song and Chorus,* "Some Folks will Growl."—Neptune, Eucharis, Hebe and Nymphs.
7. *Air: "My Name is Patrick Biankay." Chorus: Oh, yes, Oh, yes, the thing is clear,* Casabiankay Crew. and Chorus.
8. *Romance: "Faded Flowers,"* La Foreignaire.
9. *Finale to Act I.:*
   a. "Come to the Country that's Waiting."—Hebe, Eucharis and Chorus.
   b. Trio—"Spring, Spring with Ease."—Neptune Eucharis and Hebe.
   c. The same—Grand Chorus.

ACT II.

10. *Chorus: "The Public is a Very Fickle Maiden,"* Jupitereans
11. *Solo and Trio: "One Party's In,"* Jupiter, Vesta and Diana.
12. *Ballad: "There's a Spot in My Heart that is Vacant,"* Juno.
13. *Air and Chorus: "Nothing to Wear,"* Juno and Nymphs.
14. *Grand March.*
15. *"Inaugural Song,"* Cas., Patocrats, and Jupitereans.
16. *Quintette "Sneezing,"* Cas., Crew, Apollo, Nep., and Bacchus.
17. *Ballad: "Does He Love Me?"* La Foreignaire.
18. *Concerted Piece: A Band of Kinsmen." Trio and Chorus: "Keep talking It Over,"* Vesta, Bac., Jupiter, and Jupitereans.
19. *Duet: When Your Place and Money's Lost,"* Jupiter and Juno. *Air and Trio: "Then its Make Room for Somebody,"* La Foreignaire, Jupiter and Juno.
20. *Finale:*
    a. "Five Tipsy Fellows."—Cas. Crew, Nep., Apollo, Bacchus.
    b. "Keeper of a Dungeon Cell."—Book and Pages.
    c. "Oh, Upper Dogs Look Out!"—Jupiter, Vesta and Diana.
21. *Grand Finale:* "Upper Dogs Look Out," "We're all Tipsy," "Keeper of a Dungeon Cell," Concerted.

Act III.

22. *Chorus:* "*Why*," Patocrats.
23. *Song and Chorus:* "*I do not Hold an Office*," Mercury, Hebe, Euch.. and Patocrats,
24. *Duet:* "*Memory*," La Foreignaire and Juno.
25. *Recitative:* Neptune. *Song and Quartette:* "*We Must Pack Up and Fly Away*-" Neptune, Apollo, Cas., and Crew.
26. *Grand Finale: Chorus*, "The Public is a Very Fickle Maiden." *Solo*, "Does He Love Me." *Grand Chorus*, "Oh. come to the Country of Freedom," and "Good Night, Sweet Dreams."

Properties:

Properties as required for the Scenes.

Act I.

Telegraph Message and Book; Auction Flag; Small Toy Flag; Large Law Book; Royal Dungeon as described; Five Cent Piece, Golden Boats; Cipher Despatch; Ticket; Thunder and Lightning; Small Steamer to be burnt and disappear; Raft; Oars; Fishing Line; Bait; Faded Flowers; Empty Whiskey Bottle; Swings; A large Eagle with Car attached.

Act II.

Arms; Very long Segar; Matches; Old Trunk; Chewing Gum.

Act III.

Newspapers, Handkerchiefs; Purse of Money; Box of Salt.

Furniture as Called For.

"BY JUPITER."

ACT FIRST.

SCENE:

On the Earth—Sea Shore and Beach—Rocks built out R. and L.—The Sea C. stretching back into perspective—Horizon.

Scenic Effects in course of Act as described.

Curtain Rises on Chorus of Sea Nymphs in Golden Boats, led by Neptune.

Opening Chorus, "The Curtain Now Has Risen," and Solo with Chorus, "I'm Neptune Brave."

Chorus, Sea Nymphs:

The curtain now has risen on the first scene of the play,
The scene that's first to be *seen*, the first scene of the play,
You *see* the *sea* is seen here, and so are we to-day,
Prepared Old Neptune's wishes to obey, to obey. (*Repeat.*)

Neptune, (*Solo "I'm Neptune Brave.*) (*Coming from Boat to down C.*)

I'm Neptune brave, king *bee* of the *Sea*,
Boss of the Water and a T. A. B.,
Prohibition's the thing for me,
I never spoil whiskey with water!

I take my own way for I'm self-willed,
A spirit pure and undistilled,
If all spirits were like me, what should we do
With the Special Agents of the Revenue?

I'm of the Sea the President,
On having my way I'm always bent,
I never shall want, I've the inside track,
For I take but I never, no, never give back!

Sea Nymphs, (*Chorus.*)

He's of the Sea the Presid nt,
On having his way he's always bent,

He never will want, he's the inside track,
For he takes but he never, no, never gives back!

(*Music stops.*)

Enter Eucharis L.

Euch.

Ha! Neppy, do I see you? Yes, I do!

Nep.

That speech is quite uncommon.

Euch.

Why?

Nep. (*Crossing.*)

Because its true!

Euch. (*Going to him.*)

I say—

Nep. (*Turning sharply upon her.*)

Dont interrupt me—let me dash on,—
On earth the truth is rather out of fashion!

Euch.

(*Taking hold of him—reproachfully.*)
Dont say that. Neppy, for I've heard a story
About a man whose name is full of glory,
Who, some one hundred years ago and more,
Being truthful even to the core,
With *cor*-responding virtues—

The Weeper.

Dont do it again!

Euch.

With corresponding virtues, once replied,
When asked who cut the cherry tree—

Nep.

(*Taking her mysteriously down to footlights, looking cautiously around, then bending down her head, putting his mouth near her ear and shouting.*)
(*In ordinary voice*). *The man has died!*

I know the story though I cannot match it,
The story took a fertile mind to *hatch it!*

Enter Hebe R. limping.

Ah, Hebe, what kept the fairest of my daughters?

Hebe.

Learning that clubs are trumps at Police Headquarters!

Euch.

(*Suddenly, hands to stomach.*)

Hark! I feel a step!—let's step aside and see
Who comes this way,—I think its Mercury.

Hebe.

Indeed? That would not be appalling
About this time, for Mercury *is falling!*
(*Note. If growing warm say instead.*)
Indeed! That would not be surprising
About this time, for Mercury *is rising!*

Nep.

Do not say that again,—don't be so bold,
Mercury falling means its *growing cold!*
(*Note. If growing warm say instead,*
Do not say that again, dear girl, do not,
Mercury rising means its *getting hot!*
(*Puts his arms around their waists. They try to escape embrace.*)
Easy, my dears, you like it, so keep calm,
Although I hold you thus I mean *no 'arm!*

The Weeper.

Don't do it again! (*They retire up Stage.*)

Enter Mercury R.

Solo with Chorus, "I am a Telegraphic Boy."

Mercury, (*Solo.*)

I am a telegraphic boy,
I *tell a graphic* story,
A bogus message sent by me's
Not always hunky dory!

So be careful what you send,
Harken to my ditty,
And you'll not have to appear
Before some Committee!

All, (*Chorus. Shaking Index Finger at Audience. Emphasize first word of each line, darting a little forward in unison.*)

So be careful what you send,
Harken to our ditty
And you'll not have to appear
Before some Committee!

Mercury. (*Solo. Confidentially.*)

Yes, be careful what you send,
Lest it should be translated,
And you come to a worse end
Than you thought was fated!

Than the troubles you're now in,
You may get in deeper,
And wish you had been born a brute.
Or a perpetual sleeper!

All, (*Repeat last four lines as before. After which Exit Sea Nymphs in boats.*)

Nep. (*Coming forward.*)

How now, good Mercury, what brings you here?

Mer.

(*Giving Nep. Telegraph Message and Book.*)

This message, which receipt for, Master dear.
Sign your name, a *wrong* hour and its done.
This *is* a great country! (*Waves flag.*)

(*Every time Mer. uses this phrase he waves a small Star Spangled Banner, of the toy kind, over his head.*)

Nep.

You want the time? Well, then, its just (*striking him,*) *struck one!*
There, read it to me. (*Hands book and message back.*)

Mer.

Next time you speak please do not be so *striking;*
Its from a friend, I reckon,—I *recogn*— ise the writing!
This *is* a great country! (*Reads.*)
"The Steamer's coming and now comes the rub,
Quick, change the weather and inform old Prob.!
There is no time to lose in preparation,
Upon you rests the future of the Nation."
And this *is* a great country!

Nep.

But is it certain our men are on board?

Mer.

I know I'm bored! You'll find out if *they're there.*

Nep. (*Angrily- approaching him.*)

I'll knock you down for your impertinence, I swear.

Mer. (*Waving him off.*)

Oh, no, you wont.—you wont now, I'll be sworn! (*going*) 'm going, going—

Hebe. (*Waving an Auction Flag.*)

Third and last chance!

Mer.

Knock me down, *I'm gone!*

Nep.

Well, go; you know what to do then,
None are to be saved but the two men;
These darlings will go with you,—than one three's better.

Euch.

We'll carry out your plans to the letter.

Mer.

Than one three's better? Yes, that's as true as fate;
At least we learnt some time ago that *seven is beat by eight!*
And this *is* a great country!

Euch. (*Going to him.*)

But, Neppy, dont you think we oughter
Take with us as a *Herald*, some Reporter?

Hebe. [*Going to him—other side.*)

That's so; I think we'd better take a lot,
Together with an artist on the spot!

Nep.

No; I cant trust my daughters
To the tender mercies of Reporters;
(*Embracing and squeezing them.*)
They're too much *on the press!* Go, do your duty.

Mer.

Duty is good; it always rhymes with booty!
And this *is* a great country.

Euch.

We'll save the two; as for the rest—ahem!

Hebe.

We'll leave the *finny* tribe to *finny-- ish* them!

The Weeper.

Dont do it again!

Mer. (*Starting.*)

Then here we go; (*coming back.*) but hold! I want some money.

Nep.

What's that? What have you done with all I've given you?

Mer.

I'm keeping it safe—so safe you'll never see it.
(*Turning away.*) In fact, I've lost it speculating and I'm bust!

Nep. (*Raising arm as if to strike.*)

You thief!

Euch. (*Rushing between them.*)

No, Neppy, no! its but a breach of trust!

Mer.

I put it in a *mine*,—its *mine* no more,
I struck a sharp and he, not I, *struck ore!*
This *is* a great country,—develop it we must;
As Euchy says, its but a breach of trust!
So just look over it!

Nep.

I wont look over it. Ho! there! bring on the Royal Dungeon!

(*Music—Introduction to "I'm the Keeper of a Dungeon Cell." Enter the Book carrying a large Law Book, followed by the four Pages R., drawing a large Dry Goods box on wheels, with one horizontal Bar (to be Broken,) in the middle, allowing ingress and egress on both sides. The box is fastened together by small catches so that it can be easily knocked apart.*

Concerted Piece—"The Keeper of a Dungeon Cell,"—Book and Pages.

The Book. (*Solo.*)

I'm the Keeper of a Dungeon Cell;

Page 1. (*Solo.*)

And his Page Number One I be!

The Book. (*solo.*)

What a *sell* it is I needn't to tell!

Page 2.

You needn't say Two,

Page 4.

Four,

Page 3.

And Three!

The Book.

We run this jail on a novel plan;

Page 2.

It was taught to us by an excellent man;

Page 1.

An excellent man say One,

Page 2.

Two,

Page 4.

Four,

Page 3.

Three.

Book and Pages.

Who once was the Sheriff of a great Cit-ee!

Book (*speaking.*)

The dungeon is ready; who may the victim be?

Nep.

Take him! (*Points to Mer.*) Shut up Mercury.

Book.

Surround him, my Pages. (*They do so.*) Mercury
Shut up will make a *thermometer!*

Nep.

Come, Hebe, Eucharis, I'll see you for a minute;
The game we play I think there's millions in it.

(*Exit Nep. Hebe and Euch., R.*)

Book.

Search him my Pages. (*They search Mercury.*)

Page 1.

Here's a "In God We Trust" five cents.

Book, (*taking it.*)

Good for one beer; I'll take it.

Page 2.

Here's a cipher despatch.

Page 1

I *sigh for* the despatch. (*Takes it.*) I'll sell it to some newspaper.

Page 3.

A ticket for a Free Lunch,

Page 2. (*taking it.*)

That's just my ticket! I'm a *soup-perior* person.

Mer.

I say, do you mean to refund?

Page 4.

Refund? That's the only kind of fund we've never heard of. Refund must be an antiquity. If we owe you anything we'll make a *sinking fund* for you. Then we won't owe it. That's square,—Government does it.

Mer.

Stuff!

My creditors think I'm *sinking fund* enough!

The Book.

In a world that's *round* you can't expect things on the *square!*

Mer.

Are you going to give me my money back? this isn't fair.

Pages. (*pointing to book.*)

Do you know who he is?

Mer.

He looks as if he thought he was the only product of a Special Patent, and the Angels were busy preparing a private Heaven for him! Nevertheless, I want my money

Book.

I'm the keeper; I *keep er* hold of all I get.

Mer.

I'll have the law on you.

Book.

See this book? Its a law book. (*Stands on it,*) *I'm above the law!* Put him in, boys, and come and take a drink.

They put Mercury in the Dungeon and exit L. singing: "We run this jail, etc.)

Mer.

A prisoner? Neptune's getting too particular;
I'd swear but 'twould offend some one's auricular.
I must escape, no jail was made for me,
I'll break it, smash it, but I will be free!
How shall I get out of this?

(*Steps out first R. then L. then meditates.*)

No, that won't do; its not the approved plan;
Ah, ha! I have it! I'll do it like a man!

(*Steps in, breaks the Bar, and comes out.*)

Now I am free, now let the people quail,
At last a prisoner walks off with the jail!
It *is* a great country!

(*Exits R. drawing the Dungeon after him.*)

Enter Neptune L.

Nep.

The preparation's now are all complete,
The game's in my *hands* when I perform the *feat.*
Now roll, ye seas, roll; blow, winds, blow,
(*Stage dark.*) *Seize* on the Steamer, take her *below;*
War, all ye elements, make things warm,
Look! the Steamer comes and ditto the storm!

(*Storm Music. Storm. Thunder and Lightening. Small Steamer, to be burnt and disappear, appears in the distance.*)

Now look at that, its really *real*, not mystic,
That's what is called the grandly *realistic.*
We have no end of Isms in this age,
Most all as bogus as Real-*ism* on the Stage!

(*The steamer catches fire.*)

'Tis done! the vessel's now on fire,
She's going *high* for *low*—the flames go *higher.*
Ha! there she goes! I thought I heard a cry, —

(*The steamer suddenly disappears.*)

She's gone! She's gone! And now—so am I!

(*Says "and now" excitedly, then pauses, then says, "so am I" very quietly and matter-of-fact, and exits quickly L.*)

(*The Storm Music. Enter Casabiankay and Crew on raft. They are standing up, Cas. at one end and Crew in the middle, each using an oar. As the Raft reaches C., Crew's oar slips up, knocking Casabiankay overboard. Music crash in Orchestra as the oar strikes him.*)

Cas.

Help! help! I'm goin' to ther ground!

Crew.

Take off your head, quick, or you'll get drowned! Hold on! (*Takes up a fishing rod and line and baits hook while speaking.*)

Rest easy—dont you squirm,—
Here—quick now,—bite on the worm!

(*Throws fishing line out to Cas.; then draws him up on the raft with the hook in his mouth.*)

(*Looks at hook. Aside.*) Gobbled the entire bait!

Cas. (*spitting and shaking himself, wringing hair, etc., as if wet all over.*)

I came near changing that toime to er spook. But filt you'd save me.

Crew.

Yes, by *hook* or crook!

Cas.

Niver moind; I'm not wit, so I'll not git in er rage. (*Crosses.*)

Crew.

Of course you're not; the sea's *dry water* on the stage!

Cas.

I wish 'twas whiskey! But I'm moighty hungry; I could stuff meself on hops.

Crew.

Have some more worms or eat the wind; it's blowing *fowl and chops!*

(They jump ashore and come forward.)

Cas. (*sitting on stage.*)

Well, here we bees, all lost save I an' you,
Pat Casabiankay an' his frind Josh Crew.

Crew. (*patting him.*)

Josh so. Now, come, don t look so *moody*, Pat,
We'll *revive all* here, I'll wager a new hat;
Ninety and nine are lost, but we're here, Biankay,
Safe off the boat and she has *sank*—eh?

The Weeper.

Don't do it again!

Crew. (*crossing and coming down.*)

When steamers sink it hurts the census, on my word,
They always have so many *berths* on board!
But let's be cheerful.

Cas.

Kape up me sphirits! Ther trouble, by me gown,
Is that I havint any sphirits to *put down.*

(*Takes Whiskey Bottle from coat-pocket*)

Ther bottle's impty—not a single dhrop in it,

Crew.

If there was it *singular* would be;
I guess we'll have to take a *drop upon* whiskey!

Cas.

Shure, Josh, I'd loike to know jist where we be.

Crew.

I'm *off the water* and yet *I am at sea!*
Just let me *see.* This looks like Jersey shore.
(*Looks around.*) I dont see a single saloon; this isn't New York!

Cas.

Me fate are wit, I want dhry socks, I do,
Aint there some fhruit sthore about here, frind Crew?

Crew.

A fruit store to get socks? That's new, I swear.

Cas.

Isn't a fhruit sthore ther place to git *a pair ?*

The Weeper.

Oh ! (*Stays on.*)

Crew.

My feet are wet and I don't care a *fig !*

Weeper.

Oh ! Oh ! (*Stays on.*)

Cas. (*rising.*)

That's no *rayson* why I shouldn't want er rig
At thir prisint *date.*

Weeper.

Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! Don't do it again ! (*Exits as usual.*

Crew.

Of rigging I should think you'd had enough; I swear, and think I oughter,
I'll never go to sea again—*if I have to go by water !*
When I'm at sea the water makes me toss,
I cannot *profit* for *I've so much loss!* (*Imitates sea-sickness.*)
Now here we're wrecked,—away, away, ye tears !

(*Imitates throwing tears from his eyes.*)

Cas.

Ther faults—

Crew. (*angrily.*)

Hold on till the tear's away !

(*Wipes his eyes with Cas.' coat-tail.*)

Cas.

Ther fault's ther Captain's an' ther Ingineer's,
Both fasht asleep an' dhrunk, ther beauties,
When they should bin attendin' to ther duties !

Crew.

Well, here we are, and you are right, I guess,
We're *wrecked*, you see, through others *reck*-lessness.

Enter Neptune L.

Nep.

Hold! Don't blame the Captain or the crew,
They didn't know their business, it is true,
But *I* raised the storm at sea in all its fury,

(*Enter Eucharis and Hebe. R.*)

And—

Euch. and Hebe.

"No one to blame" is the verdict of the jury!

Song and Chorus—"Some Folks will Growl."

Nep. (*solo.*)

Some folks will growl,
And bark and howl,
And get into a fury;
But then, you see,
'Twixt you and me,
They won't serve on a jury!

Euch., Hebe. and Sea Nymphs.

But then, you see,
'Twixt you and me,
They won't serve on a jury!

Nep. (*solo.*)

I think it's rough,
It's quite enough,
(And I say it demurely,)
That citizens who
Make most ado,
Swear off of the jury!

Euch., Hebe. and Sea Nymphs.

That citizens who make most ado,
Swear off of the jury!

Cas. (*speaking.*)

Old man, who are yez? (*Pointing to Eucharis.*) Who's this purty Miss?

Nep (*presenting her.*)

Allow me to present fair Eucharis.

Crew. (*grabbing her.*)

Euky, I love you! Buy a dress and charge it to me, Crew.
I'll foot the bill, (*with motion aside*) and the man who brings it too! (*kicks Cas. by accident.*)
Beg pardon, I was carried away by my thoughts so sweet!

Cas.

Indade! A case ov rush ov brains to the feet! (*to Neptune.*) An' this swate rose, who moight she be? (*patting Hebe under the chin.*)

Nep.

She be? Why, no, dear Sir, its *He-be?*

Crew.

How can *Hebe she be?*
How can *she be Hebe?*

Nep.

To these fair ones each of you owes his life.

Crew: (*aside.*)

That's good, but I'm not fishing for a wife!

Euch. (*to Hebe.*)

Oh, what a man! so handsome and *well read!* (*Pointing to Cas'. hair.*)

Hebe.

I sea he is *by looking at his head!*

Cas.: [*to Neptune.*)

Its glad I am to say yez, I am indade
But moight I ask why us this thrick yez played?

Nep.

That's what I'm here to tell you. Now listen,
I *propose* to make you a *propos*-ition;

(*Cas. and Crew sit down on Stage in an absurd position, hands to their ears, heads touching, and listen.*)

The Gods and many of their subjects long have cried,
Being with Jupiter's government dissatisfied,
(For though its good and honest, as they know,
Yet the truth is the goverument is slow,)
So, hearing of its name, and no less
Of its achievements, and its great progress

Since from its mother it was torn asunder,
Which make the U. S. of the world the wonder,
These Gods and subjects thought, both great and small,
They'd like to try for change a Ruler mortal,
You've been selected to come up above
And be for us our President and Gov.!
Friends, am I correct?

Sea Nymphs; (*Together.*)

You are!

Cas. (*Jumping up.*)

Och, shure, whin I came over—its thrue that same,—
I knew I'd get ov money lots an' fame,
An' that I would whin landed on the shore,
Soon hold an offish or p'raps a schore!
But this, it surely proves to me
A grate counthry is Ameriky!
For this is more than iver I ixpicted,—
Conshider, Sir, your offer as axcipted! (*Shakes his hand till he squirms and then turns around; then takes hold of other hand and shakes that till he turns back, all the time paying attention to Crew; after Neptune gets his hands away, keeps up motion as if he still had and was shaking it until Neptunes speaking causes him to turn around when he discovers he has not hold of his hand.*)

Crew. (*Rising—aside to Cas.*)

Promise anything and everything—don't hesitate,
Promises are the best part of a candidate!
When you have an office, why, its your own,
Then you can suit yourself and go it alone!
The doctrine of the present day, you see,
Makes an office *personal property!*
And this *is* a great country!

Nep.

Your friend's to come with you—its been thought *wiser*
That you should bring along some good ad-*viser*.
And now, liege lord, my thanks; you'll fill the mission?

Cas.

An' *poor playbian* Pat becomes thin a *Pat-rich-ian!*
All right, ould man; but me relatives, can't they come too?

Nep.

Well—not at present.

Crew. (*To Cas.*)

Say no more about it—just keep steady.

Nep.

Well, gentlemen, let's go get ready.

Air—"My Name is Patrick Biankay." and Chorus—"Oh, yes, oh, yes, the thing is Clear."

Cas. (*Solo.*)

Me name is Patrick Biankay,
I am a Dimmycrat;
I'm goin' ter hold an offish now
That's luchrative an' fat;
I'm goin' ter hold an offish
An' have all that I wish,
A livin' is made aisy
If you're a polit'sh!

Crew. (*Solo.*)

Oh, yes, oh, yes. the thing is clear,
We're goin' to hold an office, boys, of that we have no fear;
Oh, yes, Sir, yes, oh, yes, Sir, its known to every dear,
A new party is wanted and the new party *is here!*

Neptune, Euch., Hebe and Sea Nymphs. (*Chorus.*)

(*Marching around Cas. and Crew.*)

Oh, yes, oh, yes, the thing is clear,
We're going to hold an office, boys, of that we have no fear:
Oh, yes, Sir, yes, oh, yes, Sir, its known to every dear,
A new party is wanted and the new party is here!

Crew. (*Solo.*)

My name is Joshua Crew,
I have been a Repub.
But I can change to anything,
Whenever comes the rub!
A Labor man or Democrat,
Repub. and all the rest,
It all depends which seems to suit
The darling public best!

Cas. (*Solo.*)

Oh, yis, oh, yis, the thing is clear,
We're goin' ter hold an offish, ov that we have no fear,
Oh, yis. Sir, yes, oh, yis, Sir, its known to ivery dear,
Er new party is wanted an' ther new party *is here!*
(*Striking himself.*)

Chorus as Before.

During Chorus all march out L. U. E., Neptune leading and Crew bringing up the rear a little behind. La Foreignaire ent rs R. U. E., crosses hurriedly and as Crew is about to exit pulls him violently back and down C. by his ear.

La F.

Ah, ha! I haf gotten you, mon gay deceivaire! Do you 'ear?

Crew.

I not only hear but I feel. So, you're safe, eh?

La F.

You think to escape me? I go down in ze ship, eh? Nevare! You promise to marry me, r-r-rascal!

Crew. (*Aside.*)

Um! I promised to marry every woman on the boat! (*loud.*) Did I?

La F. (*Showing faded Boquet.*)

You gafe it me dese faded flowers!

Crew.

Look here! don't you call me mean. I've loved sixty-two girls this year and I never gave any of them *faded* flowers (*Aside.*) There were some faded flowers among them, though!

La F.

Eh? You can not fool ze foreignaire!

Crew. (*aside.*)

I dont want any *foreign air;* it don't agree with me.

La F.

Sacre! you gafe it me dese faded flowers!

Romance—"Faded Flowers."

While she sings Crew goes back to Raft and fishes.

La F.

Only a few faded flowers,
But yet they are dear to me,
Though dead as the days of pleasure
I never again shall see; } *Repeat.*
Only a few faded flowers,
Their perfume has passed away,—
Oh, life it is very fleeting,
And the night succeeds the day! } *Repeat.*

2.

Only a few faded flowers,
Their fragrance and beauty have fled,
And the hand and the heart that gave them,—
Ah! the hand and the heart are dead! } *Repeat.*
Only a few faded flowers
Exhaling no perfumed breath,
But, oh, how dear a trifle's made
By the cruel hand of death! } *Repeat.*

(*Crew comes down.*)

(*The Book and Pages enter R. U. E. in a line.*)

Crew. (*aside.*)

I must get rid of this loving creature. (*aloud.*) Say, are you going!

La F.

Nevare!

Crew. (*aside.*)

Desperate cases require desperate remedies. (*aloud.*) All right. (*Takes his coat off and throws it behind him. The Book picks it up and it is thrown down the line of Pages.*) Say, are you going now?

La F.

Sacre! Nevare!

Crew.

All right. (*Takes off his Vest. Business as before.*) Say, going now?

La F. (hand over her face.)

Nevare! Nevare!

Crew,

All right. (*Takes off R. boot. Bus. etc.*) Going now?

La F. (*both hands to face, but peeping through fingers.*)

Nevare vill I leave you!

Crew. (*aside.*)

Thunder! how much more? (*aloud.*) All right. (*Kicks off L. boot. Bus. etc.*) Say, going now? (*Throws off Suspenders.*)

The Weeper.

Don't do it again!

La F. (*hands off face.*)

Not mooch! You no sea-red me!

(*Exit Book and Pages R. U. E.*)

Crew.

Come on, then. Hello! where are my things? Have I fallen among the police? Lucky I didn't take off everything!

La F.

Ah, ha! I have-et you!

Crew;

Rather! Come on! Hello! here they come!

Re-enter Neptune followed by Cas. with Hebe. on one arm and Eurcharis on the other, followed by Sea Nymphs who form around Stage in Picture, leaving open space at C. back.

Nep.

All is arranged to carry us to the sky,
Here comes the Bird with which we'll take a fly!

A very large Eagle comes down C. back. From its mouth hangs a handsome Car.

Crew.

Arrah! phat kind ov burd is that so raygle?
Ther signboard ov Ameriky—ther Aygle?
Guv me a balloon!

Crew.

No, take this. A balloon, alas! alas!
Like many other things is *upheld by gas!*

FINALE TO ACT I.

A. *"Come to the Country that's Waiting."*
Hebe, Eucharis and Chorus.

B. *Trio—"Spring, Spring, Spring with ease."*
Neptune, Euch. and Hebe.

C. *"Spring, Spring, etc.,—Grand Chorus.*

A. *"Come to the Country that's Whiting.*

Hebe and Euch.

Oh, come to the country that's waiting,

Chorus. (ensemble.)

That's waiting!

H. & E,

And be welcomed with joy and delight;

Chorus.

And delight!

H. & E.

We'll give you a ballot and office,

Chorus.

And office!

H. & E.

And *two*, if you cant read or write!

Chorus.

Read or write!

H. & E.

Then come on!

Chorus.

Oh, come on!

H. & E.

Then come on!

Chorus.

Oh, come on!

H. & E.

For we want a Republic above!

Chorus. } *Together.*

Want a Republic above!

H. & E.

You'll have fun!

Chorus.

You'll have fun!

H & E.

In the Sun!

Chorus.

In the Sun!

H. & E.

And be welcomed with joy and with love!

Chorus. } *Together.*

Welcomed with joy and with love!

2.

H. & E.

We've no time to attend to our voting!

Chorus.

Our voting!

H. & E.

Bus'ness keeps us up early and late!

Chorus.

Early and late!

H. & E.

No ref'rence we'll ask you before for,

Chorus.

Before for!

H. & E.

And we never will investigate!

Chorus.

Investigate!

H. & E.

Then come on ! *Etc. as before into*

B. Trio—"Spring, Spring, Spring with Ease."

(*This is to be sung with a swinging movement. A number of swings are let down R. and L. with Sea Nymphs or Goddesses in them.*

Nep., Euch. and Hebe.

Then spring, spring, spring with ease,
Only yourself you'll have to please:
Spring, spring, you answer our call,
Salary's large and no work at all !

All. Grand Chorus—in motion.

Spring, spring, spring with ease,
Only yourself you'll have to please,
Spring, spring, you answer our call,
Salary's large and no work at all ! (*Repeat.*

While the Chorus sing Neptune, Crew, Cas., Hebe., Eucharis and La Foreignaire enter the Car attached to Eagle. Sea Nymphs form picture around Stage and the Eagle spreads his wings and commences to ascend as the curtain comes down.

THE END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT SECOND.

IN THE HEAVENS.

SCENE:

Hall of Reception opening at back on to the Milky Way; view beyond from L. C. and R. C. to R. and L. at back, stretching into perspective—Golden Walls and Golden Seats and Couches—Brilliantly colored wide steps at C. back leading up and into Palace Room of State, the Outer Wall and Door of which are at their head—On each side of Stairway are bright flowers leading to the Milky Way, that forming a sort of Terrace—On a dias R. a Golden Throne—Everything on a Scale of Magnificence.

Curtain rises on Vesta and Diana C. surrounded by Jupitereans.

Opening Chorus—"The Public is a Very Fickle Maiden"—Jupitereans.

Oh, the Public is a very fickle maiden
Whose mind is ever undergoing change,
And its Rulers are with troubles heavy laden,
Such little acts the maiden may estrange!
She keeps them freezing and she keeps them torrid,
To-day's embrace to-morrow may have cooled.
Its hard to tell when she wants something solid,
And when she'd rather be a little fooled.
Oh,
She keeps them freezing and she keeps them torrid,
To-day's embrace to-morrow may have cooled,

It's hard to tell when she wants something solid,
And when she'd rather be a little fooled!

(*Exit Jupitereans R. & L.*)

Vesta: (*Sitting on step of throne.*)

It seems to me
A sudden fit of insanity
Has siezed on Jupiter s subjects. He must leave!

Diana.

Alas! alas! And yet it's most I grieve
That we fall with him victims of the storm;
Examples bright of Civil Service Reform!

Vesta. (*Rising and joining them.*)

That cannot stand when Rulers change; howe'er one toils,
It's to the Victor that belongs the spoils;
And so, despite the *Civil Service*, it's clear to me
That they'll not *serve us* very *civil*-ly!
Could I have seen this pass I now might be
A prominent member of the new party!

Diana :

It's quite too bad that one can never tell
The best time from old parties to rebel;
Just when you think the people are with you,
Presto! they change, and out you go!

Vesta.

Too true!

Let's cry and find relief from our pain! (*They cry ridiculously. Vesta in the C; when they cry each one leans over on the other's shoulder, they standing in line.*) No, not that kind of cry, but *cry, cry again.* (*They cry again.*)

Diana.

Ah! here comes Jupiter. And see! he seems forlorn.

Enter Jupiter R.

Jup. (*very tragically.*)

Why was I born? (*Suddenly to them.*) Do any of you know?
Ah, woe is me!—yet once again, ah, woe!
(*They wail absurdly.*)

The hour is here,—who dares to say it aint?
I'm very sick, I fear I'm going to faint!

Di. and Vesta. (*Supporting him with great effort.*)

Oh, don't, great Jupiter, stand fast.

Jupiter.

I can't stand *loose*. But I didn't mean a real faint—I meant a *counter-fit*.

But yet its come at last,
And I am cast down.

Diana, (*aside.*)

And that makes him *downcast!*

Jupiter.

My prestige and my glory now have flown,
And from my *throne* I, Jupiter, am *thrown!*
When one knows one must go,—the case is mine,—
Than to be *kicked out* it's better to *resign!*
And so I've done it.

Diana.

It's too unkind! Your government was honest and hearty,
And royally well, indeed, you served your party!

Vesta.

Indeed you did. Alas! for all your zeal,
That they who *steal* should not be true as *steel*.

Jupiter.

Ah, well, my ruler's crown I now must doff,
The public never knows when it's well off;
It is the public's loss, I'm sure, not mine,
They'll soon regret they forced me to resign.
I now must go, but where I do not know. (*Leaving.*)

Diana, (*detaining him.*)

What, leave here? Jupiter, do not go!
If you have lost your place still here remain,—
Who knows? Ere long you may get back again!

Vesta, (*going to him*)

And let me beg that you will change your mind;
You have *resigned*, so let us be *resigned*;
We'll keep our eyes wide open and some day
Of this new party make an *expose*.

Jupiter.

You're right, good friends; it's but a question of time, I have no doubt,
How long before the party *in* becomes the party *out!*

Solo and Trio—"One Party's In."

Jupiter, (*Solo.*)

One party's in,
Yet there's no doubt
The party in is bound to go out!
I'll not despair
Though I've the sack,
Some day they'll want me, then I'll go back!
Party's a name,
And that is all;
All play the same game,—all make a haul!
All cry Reform,
Yet there's no doubt,
Once they have *got in, Reform's got out!*

Trio—Vesta, Diana and Jupiter.

One party's in,
Yet there's no doubt
The party in is bound to go out!
We'll not despair
Though we've the sack,
Some day they'll want us, then we'll go back!

Jupiter, (*speaking.*)

Come my friends; you are right. We will watch and wait.
(*They exit R. U. E.*)

Enter Juno R.

Juno.

My name's Juno,—Jupiter's betterhalf,—
Wait till you see me through before you laugh;—
Just now I have a serious task to do,
And most I grieve that I must hide from view
Of those I love the object I've in hand,
To make my Jupy once more rule the land.
Now to get hand-in-hand with this man Crew,
To make him love me and my will to do,
And then you'll see how I will put him through!

And how, though men appear to act in the world human,
The power behind the throne is always woman!
Ah! here he comes! Now let me sing my love.

(*While she sings Crew enters L. and looks at her from all parts of the stage, all the time chewing vigorously on a large piece of Gum which he occasionally takes out of his mouth and gazes at.*)

Ballad—"There's a Spot in my Heart that is Vacant."—Juno.

Juno.

There's a spot in my heart that is vacant,
And crying, my darling, for thee;
And a feeling before that was latent,
Now lives there and breathes there for thee!
Then tell me, please tell me, my darling,
Oh, tell me that mine you will be;
There's a spot in my heart that is vacant,
And only can filled be by thee!

2.

There's a home that is waiting for some one,
Yes, waiting, my darling, for thee;
And a nice little wife in the bargain,
My darling, if you will have me!
Then say me not nay, oh, my darling,
But answer me "I will be thine;"
There's a spot in my heart that is vacant,
And will be until you are mine!

Crew.

(*Taking Gum out of his mouth and sticking it on the Scene carefully. Aside.*)

My! isn't she sweet! Oh, have I loved always?
No, never! never!—*for a couple of days!*
(*Advances to her. Aloud.*)
Who are you?

Juno.

Juno, my sweet.

Crew. (*Aside.*)

She calls me sweet! (*Aloud.*) Are you a widow?

Juno.

No. Why do you ask?

Crew.

Because
Widows have trouble made for Senators!

Juno.

I am the wife of Jupiter, my *love!*

Crew.

Indeed! I've oft been told *to take a wife;* but whose?
Until just now I really couldn't choose! (*Ogles her.*)

Juno. (*Offering her hands.*)

Oh, take me, darling, and I will be true!

Crew. (*Taking her hands but holding her off.*)

To only one of us or to the two?
With your sex it is a rule I own,
Either to pass or else to go it alone!

Juno.

I'll be half yours, half his—wont that be fine?

Crew. (*dropping her hands and coming down.*)

Um! That will depend upon which half is mine!

Juno. (*Coming down after him.*)

Then all yours I'll be. Oh, refuse me not,
In me you'll find a treasure you have got;
I love you, sweety, and I own your sway,
I and my Nymphs, (*Enter a number of Nymphs R.*) your *will will* obey.

Crew. (*Aside.*)

My! here's some more! Oh, do I love them too?
They're all so pretty I'm afraid I do!
Oh, Heaven! when you made them on my heart to call,
Why didn't you fix it so I'd own them all!

(*Walks around them, examining them.*)

Short on clothes! (*to Juno.*) And so are you!

Juno.

I'll take a silk.

Crew.

You shall have it

Juno.

And a Satin, too.

Crew.

Take a chair; that's *sat in!*

The Weeper.

Dont do it again!

Crew.

Like all your sex I presume you've naught to wear?

Juno.

Indeed I've not, and I cannot *bear* it.

Crew.

Shake! You've nothing to wear and you *almost wear it!*

Song and Chorus—"Nothing to Wear."—Juno and Nymphs.

(*During Song Crew goes from one to the other examining them critically and striking different lovesick attitudes.*)

Juno. (*Solo.*)

I've silks and I've satins I've reps and delaines,
All selected with patience and care,
But the truth to tell, however it pains,
I really have nothing to wear!

Nymphs.—(Chorus—dancing.)

Oh!

Nothing to wear! Nothing to wear!
Her sorrows are more than she can bear;
Poor woman! she's trunks full of dresses,
Yet she really has nothing to wear!

2. *Juno.*

It's the chronic, most chronic affliction
Of the sex which is known as the fair,
No matter how large their wardrobes may be,
To always have nothing to wear!

Chorus, etc., as before, during which all dance off R. and L.. Crew trying to catch Juno who eludes him.

Music and loud cheering heard without. Enter on the Milky Way Brass Band followed by a regiment of Gods and Goddesses led by Mars

The Band and Orchestra play Grand March. At same time enter R. and L., Patocrats and Jupitereans. The Patocrats occupy R. side of Stage, the Jupitereans the L.

Grand March of the Gods and Goddesses, after which they form around the Stage. March ad lib.

Enter down the steps Neptune followed by Casabiankay, Crew bringing up the rear. (Cas. wears an old plug hat.) Music stops. Loud cheers from the Patocrats, groans from the Jupitereans.

Neptune.

Dear friends, kind friends, shut up ! be quiet ;
I'll call the military if you want a riot !

Cas. (*Half drunk.*)

Shure, let them yill unto ther heart's contint,
On lettin' ther payple have their way I'm bint !

Patocrats.

Hurrah for Pat and Josh !

Jupiterians.

That's all a lot of bosh !

Inaugural Song—Cas., Patocrats and Jupiterians:

Cas.

Now to ther payple me love I sind,
Ther love that comes from ther laborer's frind,
An' they shall have all that they wish,
An' ivery poor man shall be made rich !

Patocrats.

Oh, for the poor man what a dish !

Cas.

An' ache one better than his naybor shall be—
Pervided they niver interfare wid me !

Jupiterians. (*Singing to each other as if saying, "I told you so."*)

Oh, now it is very plain to see
That all he says is fiddle-dee-dee !

2. Cas.

'An now I'm here we'll have a new age,
Sufferin' women will have their *suffrage*;
Ther Commune too shall be satisfied,
An' no one shall pay a cint to rade !

Patocrats.

It's long for this, indeed, we've tried !

Cas.

Yis, property shall common be—
Unliss it happens to belong to me !

Jupitereans.

Ah, now it is very plain to see
That all he says is fiddle-dee-dee !

3. Cas.

One hour shall be a full day's work,
An' ivery one be allowed to shirk ;
An' all shall be Bosses and Sarvints none,
An' Govirnment work shall be niver done !

Patocrats.

For this we've struggled and at last we've won !

Cas.

An' ther ballot-box shall be perfectly free—
Pervided iverybody votes for me !

Jupitereans.

Ah, now it is very plain to see
That all he says is fiddle-dee-dee !

(*Additional topical and local verses to be added.*)

HERE INTRODUCE THREE OR FOUR FIRST-CLASS SPECIALTIES.

Nep.

You wont be *quiet for us ?* This wont do ;
I'll have to put a *quiet-us* on you !
Out of this Hall and leave us here in clover,
You're no use to us now Election's over !

(*Gods and Goddesses charge on Patocrats and Jupitereans and drive them out R. U. E. and L. U. E., following them.*)

Nep. (*To Cas.*)

Welcome, most noble Lord unto this *Hall*,
To all we have you're welcome,—yes, to all.

Crew. (*Aside.*)

All right ; we'll make a *haul !*

Nep.

The people are delighted you to greet ;
Now, Mr. President, please to take your seat.

(*Cas. attempts to mount the throne and stumbles. Nep. and Crew lift him up and seat him after much difficulty.*)

Crew. (*Aside.*)

It's as I *think*,
The joy's too much for him,—he's very—*sober !*

Nep.

And now your Excellency's head of the Nation, what will you have?

Cas.

(*Bending over and almost falling out of throne.*)
Whiskey straight !

Nep.

Excuse me ; to make a Cabinet's the first thing to do.

Cas.

Make a Cabbynet? On that jist take a dhrop,
Be jabers! I'll not run a *furniture shop !*
I can't have a dhrink, I'm shut out from ther Bar,
A smoke I must have,—who's got a Segar?

Enter Apollo R. with a very long Segar.

Apollo.

I have. I thought for smoking that you had a bent,
And brought it as a present to the *Presi*-dent.

Cas.

(*Coming down and taking it. Lights it and rests on Neptune's shoulder*).

Thanks, my purty boy; for this
I'll now appint yez to er good offish.
(*Taking hat off.*) What's there foolish in me hat that makes yez sthare?

Crew. (*aside.*)

There's nothing foolish in it *when your head's not there !*

Cas. (*to Apollo.*)

Can yez play Poker? (*Moves so that lighted end of Cigar strikes him.*)

Apollo. (*jumping away.*)

I can, as well as many other games.

Cas.

Thin I'll make yez Minister to St. James!

Apollo.

Oh, thanks; you're too kind. It will just suit me
If now you'll double up the salary!
And though my State will be deserted when I go.
Make not a territory of O-hi-o!

(*Cas. during Apollo's speech waves his hand deprecatingly as if to say, "Its nothing to thank me for."*)

Crew. (*to Apollo.*)

Take this advice from one who ought to know:
Come it easy when you cross the sea,
You'll niver *come it* with a *Commit*-tee:
From one sin keep,— from being found out I mean,
Let no one *see you* even if *you're seen!*

Apollo.

Whoever comes for me I'll surely fetter,
And you can *bet* I'll go them all one *bet*-ter.

Nep.

There are other places, —I might say *placers*—which cannot wait!
Appointments must be made and first the head of State.

Cas.

To that persishun I appint Mike ther Schreamer!

Crew.

Who's he?

Cas.

Me brother! He's comin' over on the nixt Stheamer!

Nep.

Well that's all right; but now for me, dear Pat:

I think an office I should have that's fat,—
Something that's good and carries lots of gravy.

Cas.

Phat do yez say ter bein' head ov ther Navy?

Nep.

Oh, thanks; 'twill do first rate to try on:
The vessels we now have I'll sell for old iron,
And new ones buy which strong enough shall be
To travel anywhere—*except to sea!*

(*Cas. moves. Segar business, etc., as before.*)

Crew.

So far so good. Now, Patrick, measure me;
I think that I should have the Treasury!

Cas.

Yer shall. I'll Civil Service Reform the man that's in out!

Crew. (*Aside—coming away down.*)

Now this will set my mighty brain to think
How to provide the people all with chink!
If I succeed I will, as sure as Fate,
Become a future Presidential Candidate!

Enter Bacchus R. drawing an old trunk.

Bac.

Ha! Neppy and Polly, here you are, I see.

Cas.

Who are yez?

Bac.

I'm the God of Jersey Lightning and Whiskey!

Cas.

Yez are? It's glad I am to face yez!
Come to me arrums, I must embrace yez! (*They embrace, Cas. almost squeezing the life out of Bacchus.*)
Ov smhokin' I think I've had enough;
Say, Bacchy, have yez got a pinch ov snuff?

Bac.

Yes, here's my snuff-box—(*Opens Trunk,*) this here little trunk,—
Unlike a pocket one, it's handy when you're drunk!

(*Cas. goes to take a pinch of Snuff and tumbles into the Trunk. They pull him out. All commence Sneezing.*
Sneezing Quintette—"Achoo! Achoo!"—Cas., Crew, Apollo, Bac. and Neptune.

(*During the rests each assumes sneezing attitude. Each "Achoo" to be sung forte.*)

Achoo! achoo! achoo!
Oh, what a funny feeling,
When it comes o'er you stealing,
Achoo! achoo! achoo!
How do they ever make it
So, that, whene'er you take it
You cannot help but do:
Achoo! achoo! achoo!
Achoo! achoo! achoo!
A-choo!!

Nep.

Oh, yes, indeed, you're welcome here, dear Bacchus.

Crew. (*Aside.*)

He'll come in handy if they try to sack us;
He'll *back us* up.

Bacchus.

I've come to offer you a treat;
I've some new whiskey which cannot be beat.
I've a fine place, it's run by level heads,
And somewhere in the cellar there's three beds!

Cas.

Hooray! Me throat alriddy begins ter burn!
To Bacchy's Hotel ther Govirnmint will adjourn!
On to the Moon!

Bac.

No; we'll to the Bull;
The police *took the moon in* last night *for being full!*

Crew.

Go on; I'll join you in a minute or two;
I want to think what's best for me to do.

(*Exit all except Crew, R.*)

To make all men rich I must find a plan,—
I wonder if they'd take to an unlimited currency man?
If so, I'll buy another printing machine,
Likewise a lot of paper colored green,
Then put a picture on the front and say :
"This is the Nation's promise to pay,
Redeemable—" after the Judgment day!
Then borrow from whoe'er will be the lender,
And handle the money carefully for 'twill be *tender!*
Or shall I use silver, though some folks holler,
And say "In God we trust" for what isn't a dollar!
Or shall I do as Capitalists have told,
Issue new bonds and store up plenty gold?
That is the question and this is its intent :
Which will help me most to make a President!
Looked at in that light it's rather hard on me
That I can't, very well, just do all three!
It's rough when one's willing to please all sides, he's made to choose,
And subject himself to tother side's abuse!
Ha! here comes Frenchy! With her I'll not resume,
And now I'm what I am, she musn't presume!

Enter La Foreignaire, R.

La F.

Ah, ha! mon decivaire! vot ees dis I haf hear? You have promised to marry me; vot for you make it love to ze oder Madames, eh?

Crew. (*With dignity.*)

Look here, Frenchy, you dont know who I am!

La F.

Von r-r-rascal! You haf li-ed to me!

Crew.

I am an office-holder; I cannot tell—*the truth!*

(*Retires up.*)

La F.

Mon Dieu! does he love me or love me not?

(*During Song Crew sits on throne as if trying it with a view to future occupancy.*)

Ballad—"Does He Love Me?"—La Foreignaire.

La F.

Does he love me? Who can say?
Who can answer me aright?
Sure, I thought he did to-day,
Sure, I fear he dont to-night!
Then his actions seemed to be
Full of love and free from doubt,
Now—alas! poor, foolish me!
I will ask him and find out!

2.

Does he love me? I would give
All I have to learn 'twas so;
For at times I think he does,
And at times I do not know.
Oh, the doubt and the unrest
Born of love, full well I know,
Love can reach the realms of bliss,
Love can touch the depths of woe!

Crew. (*Coming down.*)

Look here, Frenchy, leave me alone and I'll give you fifty cents in silver a month! No hole in it, either.

La F.

Sacre!

Crew.

For sacre, if you want! I don't care what you do with it! And if you bother me again I'll smash you all up! Hang it! I can't marry every body! (*Exits R.*)

La F.

Ze fraud! ze scoundrel! I will be revenged! I will see Monsieur Jupitaire! (*Exits L.*)

Enter Jupiter and Vesta, R. U. E.

Jup. (*Coming forward C.*)

Bacchus deserted? No; it cannot be!
He can't be mean enough to go back on me!

Vesta.

Oh, well, you know we're laid upon the shelf;
But here he comes and you can ask himself!

Enter Bacchus L. U. E. followed by Jupitereans.

Jup.

Ah, Bacchus, have you left me in my trouble?
Tell me honest, are you playing double?

Bac.

I am and have been—(*Jup. groans,*) always will be true
To you, great Jupiter and only you!
(*Aside*). After myself! (*Aloud.*)
Whatever I do, doubt not and do not grumble,
I'm going to help your successors to a tumble!
For what's to come prepare and your loins girt,
You can rely on Tariff and Red Shirt!

Concerted Piece—"A Band of Kinsmen."

Vesta.

We're a band of kinsmen, that's so, I declare;

Bac.

And we love each other, that is so, I swear!

Jup.

Yes, we love each other as all kinsmen should,
But we'll keep our Red Shirt for the party good!

Trio. (*Waltz motion.*)

Oh, yes, we'll keep talking it over,
Though our actions some folks may regret,
We're bound to teach mankind the lesson
Of how to forgive and forget!

Chorus—Jupitereans.

Forget, forget!

Of how to forgive and forget!
Forget, forget! Of how to forgive and forget!

2.

Vesta.

And we'll keep the Tariff, we know what we're about;

Bac

If we can help it we dont mean to be out!

Jup.

With the Shirt and Tariff we voters ought to get,
Red Shirt and Tariff—on them we will bet!

Trio.

Oh, yes, though the trouble is over,
We know just what we're about,
We'll talk, yes, keep talking it over,
And that's how we'll let it die out!

Chorus—Jupitereans.

Die out, die out!
And that's how we'll let it die out!
Die out, die out! And that s how we'll let it die out!

Jup.

Sweet friends, good friends. I feel that with your aid
I yet am very far from being played;
You, Bacchus, can help me with your fine address,
Seeing you are a member of Congress.

Vesta.

And, Bacchus, if you do you'll happy be,
And we'll bestow on you an L. L. D.!

Bac.

Command, great Jupiter. I will obey;
I'm listening; now "what do you say?"

Jup.

I want some new laws made and I want you
To undertake for me to push them through.

Bac.

I'll try my best, dear Jupiter, but still
I fear his Veto some of them may kill!

Jup.

Oh, never fear; if he tries that we will
Attach them to an Appropriation Bill!
Now leave me, please; some plans I must mature

To carry the campaign on in the future.

(*Exit Bac., Vesta and Jupitereans L.*)

Ah! who comes here? Hard, indeed's my luck,
On this new party even Juno's struck! (*Retires up Stage.*)

Enter Juno and Eucharis L.

Euch. (*Imploringly.*)

Ah, Juno, do *J-you* know what you mean?

Juno.

Of course I do! You dont think that I'm green?

Jup. (*Aside.*)

Alas! no woman ever is, I fear,
Although *a lass* she once was,—very queer!

Juno.

You have seen my Josh, Eucharis, is'nt he a dear?
Of all the men I've seen he's the *Major Domo!*
Tell me, what lawyer with divorces gives a chromo?
For, dear Eucharis, it's very clear to me
That I have met my own affinity!

Jup. (*Coming forward furiously. Chord.*)

What's this I hear, base creature?
Affinity! You're talking like a preacher!
Affinity? What's that?

Euch.

A fashionable doctrine.

Jup.

A *doctrine* which I think needs *docterin'!*

The Weeper.

Dont do it again!

Juno. (*Very cooly.*)

Come, now, Jupiter, you need'nt bother.

Jup. (*Furiously.*)

Am I not your husband?

Juno.

Yes; but I want another!

Jup.

If I were Othello you I'd smother!
As 'tis, my wrongs I'll redress, as you'll see.

Juno.

Hem! I only wish you would *re-dress* me!

Euch.

Oh, Jupiter, why get in such a rage?
Folks will say you're quite behind the age!

Juno.

You've lost your place,—now don't act funny —
You've lost your place and ditto your money.
Is that not so?

Jup. (*Sadly.*)

It is, of course.

Juno.

Then what's left for me but divorce?

Enter La Foreignaire, R.

La F.

Take it me, Jupitaire, I am von friend to you,
And zeek it revenge on ze r-rascal Crew!

Jup.

I feel weak enough to fall upon the ground!

Juno.

Don't! You'll find it cooler if you swim the Sound!

Duet—"When Your Place and Money's Lost."

Juno.

When your place and money's lost
Then look out, look out for strife;

Jup.

Ten to one you'll be divorced
From the darling you call wife!

Juno.

If you don't believe my story
Search of your court records make;

Jup.

See how many wives and husbands
But for this each other shake! Oh!

Air and Trio—"Then Its Make Room for Somebody."

La F.

Then its Hubby make room for somebody,
And you must, of course;
You know that a marriage for life means
Only till divorce!

Trio.

Then its Hubby make room for somebody,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

2. Duet, as before.

Juno.

It's too bad such things should be.
And it makes me feel forlorn;

Jup.

But our tempers dont agree
Since my place and money's gone!
There must some good reason be
Why such things occur, of course;

Juno.

When they do it's plain to me
That the remedy's divorce!

Air and Trio as before, during which at end all dance off.
Enter Mercury intoxicated, R.

Mercury. (*Singing.*)

We wont go home till morning!
(*Enter Book and Pages with Dungeon L. U. E.*)
We wont go home till morning!
We wont—

Book.

You're right you wont! To jail with him, boys!
(*They take hold of Mercury to arrest him.*)

Mer.

Don't lock me up such a fine day.

Book.

Very fine day—a $10.00 fine day for you!

(*They push Mercury into Dungeon and exit singing, "We run this Jail on a Novel Plan," etc.*)

Loud noise heard without. Enter R. U. E., Cas., Crew, Neptune, Bacchus and Apollo, all drunk. Business. They embrace each other, etc., after which form in a line C.

Finale—Note: Each Verse is sung a little slower than preceding one.

All. (*Reeling.*)

Five tipsy fellows
Reeling on the floor,
One tumbles over, (*Apollo falls.*)
And that leaves four!

Four shaky fellows
As ever you see,
Kerflop! goes another, (*Bac. falls.*)
And that leaves three!

Three awful fellows,
What a noisy crew!
Pop! there goes another, (*Nep. falls.*)
And that leaves two!

Two all sea's over,
Liquor they should shun!
Floppity! goes another, (*Cas. falls.*)
And that leaves one!

One drunken fellow
Having all the fun,
His feet go a-dancing, (*Crew lies down very carefully.*)
And that leaves none!

Enter L. U. E. the Book and Pages. They sing as in Act I.

Book.

I am the Keeper of a Dungeon Cell!

Page 1.

And his Page Number One I be!

Book.

What a *sell* it is I needn't to tell!

Pages. (*Together.*)

You needn't say One, Two, Four and Three!

(*They proceed to rifle pockets of Cas., Crew, etc. While they were singing, Jupiter, Vesta and Diana have appeared on Palace Steps. They sing while Book and Pages are rifling pockets, etc.*)

"*Oh, Upper Dogs, look out!*"—*Jup., Ves. and Di.*

Oh, upper dogs, look out, look out,
By rocks you are surrounded,
And if you drift on them you will
Assuredly be grounded!
The under dogs are wide awake,
They're watching every step you take,
And if you make the least mistake,
They'll let the whole world know it!

(*Just as they finish, Cas., Crew, etc., jump up suddenly; Book and Pages startled, step a little back; Jupitereans, Patocrats and Nymphs enter at upper entrances.*)

Grand Finale.

"*Upper Dogs, look out!* "*Tipsy Fellows,*" *and* "*We Run this Jail,*" *etc., all sung together.*

Book, Pages and Nymphs.

We (they) run the jail on a novel plan,
It was taught to us (them) by an excellent man,
An excellent man say One, Two, Four, Three,
Who once was the Sheriff of a great Cit-ee!

Cas., Crew, etc., and Patocrats.

We're (they're) all tipsy, tips, tips, tipsy!
We're (they're) all tipsy as we (they) can be!
And the world is shaky, shaky,
Just as shaky as it can be!

Jupiter, etc., and Jupitereans.

Oh, upper dogs, look out, look out,

Be careful how you go it!
Look out, look out, look out, look out,
Look out! Look out! Look out! (*High.*)

(*These three melodies are concerted. Cas., Crew, et. al., sing and act very drunk. Jupitereans sing triumphantly, ending on a high scale. Cas., et. al., tumble all together at the end, Book and Pages simultaneously rushing down, etc.*)

QUICK CURTAIN BEFORE MUSIC STOPS.

END OF ACT SECOND.

The Audience will please allow some years to elapse between Act II. and

ACT THIRD.

IN THE HEAVENS.

SCENE:

The Palace of State gorgeously fitted up—Massive Pillars, Golden Seats and Couches, etc., etc., the whole on a scale of Magnificence and Brilliancy—Doors leading to Rooms R. and L.—Large Open Windows and Folding Doors at back showing a wide Passage Way—Drop is seen beyond representing the Interior of the Sun.

The entire Scene is Fanciful and Imaginative.

Eucharis, Mercury and Patocrats discovered.

Opening Chorus—"Why ?"—Patocrats.

Why, oh, why have we not all riches ?
Why, oh, why isn't everything right ?
Why can't all of us have our wishes ?
Why, oh, why is it not always bright ?
Why isn't this thus ? Why isn't thus this ?
Why are you you and why am I I ?
Why is there sorrow as well as bliss ?
And why, oh, why, oh, why *is* why ?
Why, oh, why ?
Why, oh, why ?
Oh, Why !

Euch.

He's treated me very badly, -hasn't he, friends ?

Patocrats. (*In unison.*)

He has !

Mer.

And me, too. It makes me mad!
And this *is* a great country!

Euch.

I'm sure I helped him to his present place.

Mer.

And yet he insults you to your face!

Euch.

And you, too. It's a disgrace!

Mer.

Disgrace? Disgrace for its no name;
It's a shame! that's what it is,—a shame!

Euch.

And I'm *ashamed* of him—to treat me thus!

Mer.

Don't say "treat me," Eucharis, say "treat *us*."

The Weeper.

I'm here!

Mer.

We should have had an office, blast his eyes!
Wasn't it you and I who helped him rise?
The fact is evident that we've been sold!

Euch.

We've been coldly treated—*left out in the cold!*
He's been all *for getting*—we're *for-got.*
My! wouldn't I like to shoot him on the spot!

Enter Hebe, R.

Mer.

Ah, Hebe, dear, what luck? Pray, tell us quick.

Hebe.

The same old story. I am quite heartsick;
For months I've hung between hope and despair,
Promised a mission here and mission there,
A head clerkship or consulship with large pay,—

In fact, some different office each and every day
I've waited patiently for time to bring,
And never yet have I got anything!

Euch.

Alas! alas! that's just the case with me!
Why did I ever leave the old party?

Hebe.

He fibs outright, makes promises to break,
And very politely gives his dupes the shake!

Euch.

Let's change our politics and make Reform our mission!
In other words, *let's join the opposition!*
These mortals shall not rule it over me,
I really think they're corrupt as they can be!

Song and Chorus—"I do not hold an Office."—Mercury, Hebe, Eucharis and Patocrats.

Mer.

I do not hold an office,
That's very plain to see;
Therefore our present rulers
Are corrupt as they can be!

Euch.

And so I will abuse them
Though good or bad they be,
I do not hold an office,
That's what's the matter with me!

Hebe.

So we'll run them down,
So we'll run them out,
So we'll run them all about;
Yes, we'll make them dance,
We must have a chance,
It is only fair, you know!

Patocrats.

So we'll run them down,
So we'll run them out,
So we'll run them all about;

Yes, we'll make them dance,
We must have a chance,
It is only fair, you know!

2. Mer.

Oh, if I held an office
How dif'rent things would be!
You'd never see corruption
Existing under me!

Euch.

Yes, if I held an office
Corruption you'd not see;
I do not hold an office,
That's what's the matter with me!

Hebe.

So we'll run them down, *Etc., etc.*

Patocrats.

So we'll run them down, *Etc., etc.*
(*Exit Patocrats.*)

Mer. (*Looking off R.*)

Why, here *comes* Jupiter! And here's a *go!*
Who do you think is with him?

Euch.

Why, Juno!

Enter Jupiter and Juno, R.

Jup.

Ah, friends, I thought that I should meet you here.
Why, what's the matter that you look so queer?
I see—it's Juno! She's a little dear!

Mer. (*Aside.*)

Queer? It is, indeed, upon my life,
To see a man take back a deserting wife!
Dear? A wife's a dear thing to carry,
And folks should stop to think before they marry;
For though a man and wife are *one*, it still is true
They want and take and eat enough for *two!*

Jup.

By this that everything's all right, you'll see.

(*Kisses Juno. To audience.*)

Now wouldn't some of you like to be me?

(*Some one in the Gallery: Wouldn't I!*)

Hebe.

Why, Jupiter, I—

Juno.

Stop! I'll explain;
I've killed no one and so I'm not insane.
To my liege lord I am and have been true,
But it became, you see—

Euch.

Yes, I see; you
Upon the parties now in power have played a game!
Forgive me, Juno, I see you're not to blame.

Juno.

That's it. To his high place my husband to return,
And the good will of all my people earn,
With these new parties I pretended to go in,—
I've learnt their secrets and exposed their sin!

Enter La Foreignaire R.

Aided by this one in the glorious action.

La F.

Ah, ha! I zeek it sat-is-fac-tion!
Read dese! (*Hands Mercury, Eucharis and Hebe daily papers.*)

Mer. (*Reading.*)

What's this I see? "Startling Exposures."

Euch.

And here's another headed: "More Disclosures."

Hebe.

And here again; "Crimes in High Stations."

Euch.

And still some more "Terrible Revelations."

Mer.

It's as I thought, indeed, most noble Lord,
This party's rotten to the core with fraud !

Euch.

I always thought so ! That's the reason why
I never had anything to do with them !

Hebe.

Nor I !

Mer.

They tried their best to win me to their side,
But rather than join their *colors* I'd have *died !*

Jup.

They have deceived us, now they'll feel our stings;
We'll do away with them and all their Rings !
Upon them all, we now will turn about,
And quick, indeed, will they step down and out !
Yells of populace without: "Down with them ! "Down with them!"
You hear ?
The public have changed and I'm again their dear !

Juno.

'Tis good. Once again we may see
The good old times that live in memory.

Duet—"Memory."—La Foreignaire and Juno.
LaF. and Juno.

Down through the long vista of years
Memory bears me along,
Over their hopes and their fears,
Over their right and their wrong;
And into my eyes steal the tears
As scenes of the past o'er me throng,
And down the long vista of years,
Memory bears me along !
Over their hopes and their fears,
Over their right and their wrong,
Down through the long vista of years
Memory bears me along.

2.

Changed are the scenes which I see,

Changed are the friends whom I know,
Memory alone is with me
To tell of the long, long ago;
And oft, as the day disappears
And the night shades come in a throng,
Down through the long vista of years
Memory bears me along.
Over their hopes and their fears,
Over their right and their wrong,
Down through the long vista of years
Memory bears me along.

Jup.

Though Vice may be triumphant for a time,
Virtue's the safest road for all to climb.
Come join my standard and avenge their sins,
Though now the *outs* we soon shall be the *ins;*
This truth my people all will learn to see.
Honesty is'nt a 4-11-44 Policy!
Come, follow me!

(*Exit Omnes L.*)

Cas. puts his head out of door R. cautiously. Crew peeps out bending over his back. Cas. starts back and Crew tumbles over. Cas. peeps out again, then enters followed by Crew.

Cas.

It looks as loike ther result ov all me labors
I'm to be thrown overboard, be jabers!
Bekase I want to sthay I'm called Julius Caysars!
Phat a counthry! I cant do phat I playses!

Crew.

Its very hard when we got such a greeting,
No one calls for us an indignation meeting!
Because we've done what we thought was best,
And in so doing feathered our own nest,
They want to take us down from the throne.
They gave it us and isn't it our own?

Cas.

Shure, they'd do worser if they had the chance!
Och hone! its mesilf would like to make them dance!

Foine times these arc an' that's a purty law,
A man cant use his offish to suit himself, begor!

Crew.

Put on a bold face, Pat, we must stand firm!

Cas.

Indade I will; I want another term!

Crew.

The question is what shall we do *pro tem?*
They dont appreciate the sacrifice we've made for them.
Now if we could do something to divert attention,
These little things would just drop out of mention.

Cas.

Aint there some counthry aroun' here, begor,
With which we can git up a little War?

Crew.

I'll call for Mars and see. Hey, Mars! Now for some light.

Enter Mars, L.

Mars, are you and your soldiers ready for a fight?

Mars.

I'm like the great immortal George,—I never fight!

Crew.

George never fought? I guess you've not got your history right.

Cas.

Washington, is it?

Mars.

Yes; he hadn't time. You'd know if your reading wasn't furzy,
He had to build too many Headquarters in New York and Jersey!
(*Exits L.*)

Cas.

Another desarter!

Crew.

I have it! I'll change the finances so as to give
Each man and woman money enough to live!

Cas.

Arrah! that's a bright idea. But say,
Where will yez git enough sthamps to pay?
An' how will yez fix it so that they can *spind*,
Yit *kape* their money to their lifetime's ind?

Crew.

Ah! there you have me, Pat;
Its very strange I never thought of that!
Upon these things one so many speeches hears
From wise M. C's. and dealers in ales and beers,
That, notwithstanding all they've said, I fear
I'm still not very much of a financier!

Enter Apollo L.

Apollo.

Fly, most noble Masters, fly!

Crew.

Do I look like a winged canary? But why?

Apollo.

Ask no questions; quick leave this 'sile,'
Or to-night you'll find yourself in durance vile!
(*Shouts of the populace without. "Up with them! Up with them!"*)
Dont you hear? They're raising a fuss.

Crew.

"*Up with them*"—that means *down with us!*

Enter Neptune hurriedly, L.

Nep. (*Recitative.*)

Fly, fly! the trouble's begun!
That is to say, the Revolution!
Jupiter's coming with soldiers under Mars,
If they catch you, you'll surely see some stars!
Oh, fly! fly!

Song and Chorus—"We Must Pack Up and Fly Away."—Neptune, Apollo, Cas. and Crew.

Neptune.

We must pack up, pack up and fly away,
We must fly away from here;

It's too bad we cant, we cannot, cannot stay,
Oh, this world is very queer!

All Four.

We laugh and we cry,
We sing and we sigh,
And why is it all, oh, why?
We laugh and we cry,
We sing and we sigh,
We come and pass away!
We must pack up, pack up and fly away,
We must fly away from here;
It's too bad we cant, we cannot, cannot stay.
Oh, this world is very queer!

(*All groan.*)

Nep. (*Starting.*)

Unless of prison life you want a taste,
Come, come at once, —there is no time to waste!

Cas. (*Frightened.*)

I will, indade;
Sarcumstances show that there's grate nade
For me to fray me moind from work and care,
Me helth is bad an' wants a change of air!
(*Marches up and down excitedly.*)

Crew.

Well, this is sudden! It's a pretty go!
A Revolution in a day! I didn't know
When I came here I came to Mexico!

Nep.

You're wasting time.

Apollo.

Indeed you are. You'd better flee.

Crew.

With what country have we no extradition treaty?

Nep.

I do not know; I think they're very few;
We'd better go and join the great Zulu!

Canada's too far from Heaven !

(*More shouting heard without.*)

I cannot wait !

(*Exits hurriedly L.*)

Apollo.

Nor I !

(*Exits hurriedly L.*)

Crew.

I've done a smashing business as you see,
A very smashing business,—*it has quite smashed me !*

Cas.

I'm most chrazy, Josh ; we'd better lave !

Crew.

Go your own way ; I myself must save !
They're coming for our heads it's plainly seen,—
The Republic! the whole Republic for a flying machine !

(*Tears his hair.*)

Cas.

Howly Moses ! I wish that I was dead !

(*Enter the Book and Pages with the Dungeon L.*)

Book.

Just in time. Gentlemen, walk into my parlor !

Cas.

Oh, lave me ! lave me !

Crew.

Keep quiet ; I'll fix it ! (*To Book.*) See here. (*Hands him a purse.*)

Book. (*Taking it.*)

Boys, the word is given. (*Book and Pages bandage their eyes with handkerchiefs.*) *Justice is blind!* Walk in and walk out.

(*Cas. and Crew step into the Dungeon Book and Pages sing "We run this Jail," etc., as before, and draw the Dungeon to exit L. As they do so Crew knocks out the side and steps out, Cas. knocks out the back and steps out. Book and Pages exit.*)

Crew.

That's one check cashed ;
Now *one dash for liberty* or *liberty is dashed !*

(They rush to exit L. and are confronted by Mercury, Eucharis and Diana, who enter; they rush to R. and are confronted by Jupiter, Juno and Vesta who enter; they rush to L. U. E and are confronted by the Book and Pages who enter and advance; they rush to R. U. E. and are confronted by Hebe and La Foreignaire who enter and advance. At the same time, through the Passage Way, enter the Gods and Goddesses under Mars, also Jupitereans. Music: "We are all Surrounded."

Hebe.

Were you going to leave us? Can it be true!
We love you quite too much to part with you!

Vesta.

To fly away from us it's quite too late.

Juno.

You're overtaken now, you see, by fate.

Crew.

Bring me a son of a Gun!

Enter the Weeper.

Cas.

Phat?

Crew.

A son of a gun,—a pistol!

Weeper.

Dont— (*Falls.*)

Jupiter.

He's killed at last!

Diana.

I've hunted you down,—'twas well done you must own.

Jup.

And I, Jupiter, again ascend the throne.

La F.

Ah, ha! I have it my r-revenge! (*To Crew.*) You promise to marry me.

Euch.

And me!

Hebe.

And me!

Vesta.

And me!

Female Jupitereans. (*Together.*)

And we!

Crew.

Any more claimants? Come on, I'll marry the lot,
And start a Chinese Laundry on the spot!
What's all this about? Of what are we accused?

Cas.

It's very much indade we are abused.
Where's ther ividence agin us,—for that I wait.

Enter Apollo, Neptune and Bacchus, L.

Apollo and Bac. (*together.*)

It's here! We turn evidence for the State!

Cas.

Et *two* brutes!

Crew.

No; they're *three* brutes!

Vesta.

Further struggling will do no good, you see.

Crew.

U. B. D.—

Nep.

No; *U. C., U. R., U. P.*

Juno.

Well, Jupiter, what's your pleasure?
Some punishment to these knaves we must measure.

Jup.

You're very right ; indeed we must, my treasure.

Crew.

Dont trouble yourself ; I cant see
Any particular ne–ces-si-ty !

Jup.

The time has come ; now what have you to say
Why judgment should not be pronounced to-day ?

Cas.

Och, phat's ther use ov askin' such like questions ?
Av course we have numerous sarious objections !

Jup.

All overruled !

Crew.

Well, just note our exceptions !

Cas.

I say, Jupy, don't be hard upon a feller,
Ghrant us a sthay ov proceedins an' a writ ov error !

Crew.

I've pleaded once and now I plead again,
I'm not responsible for I'm insane !
My fifty-second cousin on my father's side
Was by a mad dog bitten, from which he died;
And one of my aunts, as maybe you may know—

Jup.

That's quite enough; you forget, it's clear,
You're not at present in the mundane sphere.

Hebe. (*Throwing salt over Crew.*)

It's no use, Governor, you're in a mesh.

Crew.

Dont throw salt over me !

Hebe.

I will because you're *too fresh !*

Jup.

I'll let you choose the manner of your death,
That is to say, the way you'll lose your breath.

Crew.

Then, Jupiter, —now don't get in a rage,—
I'd much prefer to die, Sir, of *old age !*

Cas.

An' I prefars, if it's all ther same to ye,
To die ov general de-bil-i-tee !

Jup.

You much mistake me ; punish you I must.
The people in your hands reposed a trust,
And instead of doing credit to your station,
Dis-credit you have brought upon the Nation.
Three manners of leaving here I'll now propose,
And you shall have whichever one you chose :
First, to be squeezed to death within a Press,
Or second, hanged, or—

Cas.

Och, phat a land !

Jup.

Hold on ! Or third, be shot where you stand !

Crew.

So far as I can see,
The result's the same in all three !

Cas.

It sayms to me
It's purty much ov twaddledum an' twadledee !
I moight as well be drowned,—I cannot swim,—
I say, Jupy, it's none ov me fault, it all was him! (*Points to Crew.*)

Crew.

'Twas me? Why, but for you,
I to my trust would have been true!

Jup.

How each one for the other grieves!
Where, oh, where's the honor among thieves?
(*Crew and Cas. stagger and exhibit signs of illness.*)

Crew.

Oh, Jupiter, support me,—quick!
I'm very ill!

Cas.

Begoory! but I'm sick!

Bac.

Heed them not Jupiter; it's that mysterious disease
Which seizes politicians in a squeeze.

Jup.

What's the matter?

Cas.

I mane no harrum,
I've got a bad attack ov Refarrum! (*Falls.*)

Crew.

That's just what ails me,—
Reform, Retrenchment and Economy! (*Falls.*)

Jup.

Stand up! there's no use in your crying,
I cant believe you *when I see you lying!*
And more, the opinion's with me forming,
Who cry Reform the most need most reforming!
Shall I let them go?

Jupitereans.

No! No! No!

Jupiter.

Now come, decide, and let us end this thing,
Will you be pressed, shot where you stand, or swing?

Cas. (*Rising.*)

Well, I guess
Ther worst ov all's to be *killed by the Press.*

The Weeper. (*Jumping up.*)

Dont do it again!

Mer.

Alive once more!

Crew.

Though all who are hanged below, before they dance it
Say the gallows is to Heaven a road of Rapid Transit,
Yet we'll not try it or the press. We choose
To be shot and not to furnish *noose!*

La F.

Jupitaire, if he marry me vill you par-done them?

Jup.

In consideration of your services, and on condition of their leaving here, I will, if you beg it.

La F. (*To Crew.*)

Vot you say?

Crew. (*Taking her hand.*)

Done, old girl! (*Aside.*) Of two evils I choose the least! Marriage before death,—it makes death easy!

Jup.

Now send a *Herald and Tribune* throughout the *World,*
To tell by *Mail* and *Telegram, Journal* and *Post Express,*
The *News* that from their high positions have been hurled
The men who to their duty proved faithless!
In all *Commercial* centers let them say
The *Times* have changed, and tell the *Graphic* story,
The *Sun* and *Stars* shall now rise once again
On our great *Nation,* clothed in all its glory!
(*Every daily New York Newspaper is here named.*)

Diana.

No race or party do we mean to strike;

Mer.

Men everywhere are pretty much alike ;

Vesta.

To make a Government that's good and hearty,

Juno.

Wants men of principle as well as of Party.

Jupiter.

The country's safe though politicians fight,
The people's will is law, and Law is Right !

FINALE :

Composed of :

I. Chorus—"The Public is a Fickle Maiden."

II. Solo—"Does he Love Me."—2d Verse.

III. Grand Chorus—"Come to the Country that's Waiting," and Spring, Spring" Airs to the following words :

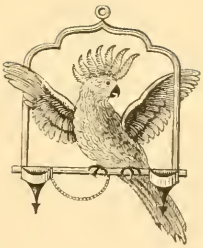
Oh, come to the country of freedom,
Of freedom ;
The Old World must give way to the New,
To the New ;
It's flowing with milk and with honey,
With honey,
Dear land of the brave and the true !
And the true !

Then come on ! Then come on !
Then come on ! Then come on !
To the land which no tyranny mars !
Here's a home ! Here's a home !
And a chance—to advance !
Hurrah ! for the Stripes and the Stars !

"Spring" Air :

Good night, good night, good night to you all,
We trust you'll soon repeat your call ;
For all our faults we will make amends
And do what we can to make you our friends ;
May good fortune on you attend,
And health and happiness to you send ;
We hope your favor now on us beams,
And bid you good-night, sweet dreams, sweet dreams !

CURTAIN.



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